Ms. A. 9. 2. 17. 111

Dedham Nov. 13. 1842.

Dear Friend: (Maria Weston Chapman)

As it is getting towards Monday morning I suppose that it will be but a small fragment of the Sabbath that I shall break up by writing to you. so don't be shocked. I send you some more editorial for Latimer. I have seen nor heard nothing of him or his organ — except what was in the Lib. since Bowditch was here — so I don't know whether or no it has made its appearance — whether it is deferred — or whether it is given up. In the latter case, pray preserve all my editorials, as you would the leaves of the Sybil, against Garrison goes off on that dreadful New York expedition. Confound the fellow, why can't he "keep his thoughts in his own breast" & not go out "a colonelling" against third party in New York! I shall always have a fresh grudge against that miserable faction if it is the means of hoisting me up into the pillory. But it has been ever thus from the days of Sir John Falstaff downwards "men of action are singled out while your underlings may sleep." But I have heard nothing from him & so possibly that may have blown over too — at which though my carnal man might

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rejoice, yet my Anti-slavery part would grieve. And then your playing Bell, too! Set you up with a Bell, forsooth! Would nothing less noisy content you? I might address it as the ~~[illegible]~~ convicted thief did in the Story which a quiet gentleman told one in compulsion to the merry Lord Kelly. "There was once a thief" said he, "who had robbed a church & had no way of escape but by the bell-rope. Swinging himself down by that he rang the bell, the neighbors were aroused and he was taken. As he was being led off he looked up at the bell and apostrophised it, as I now address your Lordship, 'had it not been for your long tongue & empty head I had escaped!'" Talking of thieves puts me in mind of stealing off myself. I am beginning to think seriously of my article & mean to write it off at a heat as soon as I have got the fuel together to raise the heat. I have written to Cambridge for some in the shape of all the facts relative to Mr. Putnam's escape from St. Domingo & shall expect it soon. Now I want you to let me have some of your letters describing the scenery - the remains of some of the old estates, if any - &c &c just to warm up my imagination, not servilely to copy. I must have something to excite the organ of landscape painting - for the most brilliant rural idea I can conjure up at present is of a flat field with corn on one side and potatoes on the other & a pump in the foreground. If there is anything in them unsuited for the sedate eyes of Uncle Selby, just enclose them in [brackets thus] and I will give you my honor that I won't read them. And I think I shall have grace to do it - for I once read the life of an ingenuous youth by his Papa in which it was recorded that the said Papa used to mark the paw paw passages in the Classics with his pencil and the dear boy would skip them over! I know this was rather a hard saying to me in my May of life when I read it. But it showed no more faith in boyish nature (a very different thing from human nature) than is evinced by those learned men who have expurgated the Classics for the benefit of the rising generation, and then clapped all the naughty things into an Appendix by themselves at the end of the book - so as to save the pupil, as I believe Byron has remarked before me, the trouble of hunting them up for himself. Be this as it may, I want your letters, and as I have said I will strive to do. I think I can get it to you in a week if I can procure the needful.

I expected to have been in town the end of last week, but have been prevented by an unusual event - to me. (Bless me! there it goes - twelve o'clock! However it's Monday morning now & I am easier in my mind.) This unusual event is a swelled face which has not added to the character, though it may have to the amount. of my personal charms. It has given breadth, to be sure, if not expression to my Vandyke countenance — but still I am so little of ~~[illegible]~~ connoisseur (has that word plenty of two "n's" & one "s" or the other way, or both or neither) that I prefer it au naturel. When ~~the~~ the billows of my countenance shall have subsided into their usual channels I shall see you again and I hope it will be in two or three days. In the meantime it would be kind of some of you to send me a line telling me how matters are going on — also Latimer Journal, if it has appeared. By the way, I don't like the "North Star" coming before "Latimer Journal" — but can't stop to explain. Is Caroline actually editing it? I have thought so from her not having been in Dedham. If she is too busy about that, and you also ~~[illegible]~~ cumbered with much serving for the Fair — is there not my little Lucia or Emma whose hand o'write I have never yet beheld? Let me hear from some of ye tomorrow, an ye love me.

It's lucky that I only took half a sheet of paper or I should sit here gossipping with you all night. But it is high time to go to bed. Good night to ye all, my dears.

Ever affectionately yours

Edmund Quincy.

Tell me what day C. proposes coming to D. if at all this week, that I may not select it to come to town. I haven't said a word of Dickens!

Ms. A. 9.2.17.111